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THE

Unjust Judges C R E E D,

REPLIED

To Mr. *EZEKIEL EDGWORTH*,
Arch-Deacon of *Newgate*.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi.

7. **Y**OU rambled once, and seem'd to say,
That Judges must be judg'd one day;
T'would fix on us such foul Disgraces,
To th' mighty less'ning of our Places.

Is't fit for Us to be control'd
By slavish Fear, to want bright Gold
From dangers distant, but how far
Could ne'er be prov'd yet by you Sir?
What! shall not we Men hang, or quit,
Or Witness *sham*, as we think fit?
I tell thee, Priest, I've Authors read,
And know as much as can be said;
Nought's after Death, Death's but a Puff,
A Groan, when Nature plays us off.
Let's all lay by both Hope and Fear,
Of future State let's take no Care,
For we shall be but as we were.
Time still devours us, spite of Art,
And Death destroys our thinking part.
So th' tale of Hell and th' old grim Sir,
'Bout which you Black-Coats keep such stir,
Are but vain, empty, idle Dreams,
Arising from distemper'd Brains.

The

The Arch-Deacons ANSWER.

IF that be true your Lordship says,
 You may, like Bulls, live Jovial Days:
 Bulls only have the better on't,
 You sometimes fear, which they do not.
 Their Fronts are curl'd, though not with Care
 Nor Choice, yet they've their entire share.
 They court their Miss, their Meat, their Drink;
 Thrice happy Brutes, they never think
 Of Peace, or War, or *Dutch*, or *French*,
 Or new Intrigue of Madam-Wench.
 They careless are, how bought, how sold;
 Or whether *Tagus* sands be Gold.
 Hereafter (altho) Death should be
 An Inlet to Eternity,
 Then your Lordship pays t'a farthing,
 Both for Justice and your-----
 Howe're, if't be as you divine,
 The Hermit's as well's the *Libertine*.
 For it's Futurity of State,
 Distinguishing our unknown Fate,
 That good from bad doth separate.
 Live then, My Lord, that you may've room
 To hope, not fear, a State to Come.

FINIS.